

# THANKSGIVING BY FAITH

FOR

## OUR COUNTRY'S FUTURE;

*A National Thanksgiving Sermon,*

DELIVERED AT

THE METHODIST E. CHURCH, LIMA,

AUGUST 6th, 1863,

BEFORE THE UNITED CONGREGATIONS,

**BY DANIEL STEELE,**

Professor in the Genesee College.

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"The Battle is not yours, but God's."

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**1863.**

PROF. D. STEELE :

DEAR SIR,—At a meeting of the United Congregations of Lima, after listening to your Thanksgiving Discourse, it was unanimously resolved, that you be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication. We sincerely hope you will comply with this request, and thus give to the public a rich legacy, which we think will greatly tend to the advancement of the cause of truth, to the relief of the oppressed, and to the re-establishment of our distracted country.

J. W. BAILEY, JOHN MOSHIER. GROCIUS SPRAGUE, ALEXANDER M'CUNE, JONATHAN P. BRIGGS,	} Com.
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GENTLEMEN,—It would be unpatriotic for me to withhold from the public any utterance of mine in behalf of God and my country, which my fellow citizens have so unanimously requested for publication. Sown in feebleness, may it be raised in the power of a triumphant and regenerated Republic.

Very truly yours,

DANIEL STEELE.

REV. J. W. BAILEY, *et Aliis*.

## DISCOURSE.

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# THANKSGIVING BY FAITH.

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“To-morrow go ye down against them. For the battle is not yours, but God’s.”  
(2 Chron. 20: 15, 16.)

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Amid the roar of battle, the groans of the dying, the wailing of the widow, the crying of the orphan—when our land trembles with the tread of hostile armies rushing to the red field of war—while the sun himself is veiled in the sulphureous cloud of ten thousand booming cannon, and the very air we breathe is laden with the nitrous fumes of a million rattling rifles—we are called by our Commander in-Chief to pause, to uncover our heads, and to lift our voice in a psalm of thanksgiving. Wherefore? Has peace, heavenly maiden, descended from the skies? Has the last rebel thrown down his arms? Are the insurgent millions on bended knees, with weeping eyes and trembling lips confessing their crime of rebellion, and begging for mercy at the hand of an injured republic? Are our vast armies disbanding, laying aside the sword wherewith they have cut down fields of foemen, and taking the sickle to garner the harvests of golden August? Nay, the pen that wrote the proclamation of national thanksgiving was wet with the ink in which it was dipped to scribe a half a million of freemen for our wasted regiments; the voice that calls the nation to praise, calls anew the nation to the panoply. This very hour, while we gather in this temple to take up the theme of thanksgiving to God, our sons and brothers, in city, town, and hamlet, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are taking up the bayonets of our fallen heroes, to renew the dreadful strife for liberty.

Out of shop and farm-house, from shore and inland glen,  
Thick as the bees in clover-time, are swarming conscript men;  
Along the dusty roads in haste the serried columns come,  
With flash of sword and musket’s gleam, the bugle and the drum.

The end of the terrible struggle is not yet. The assassin still lays his hand to the throat of America, seeking her life. The demon of rebellion, with lips crimson with the blood already drunk, still cries “Blood! blood!” The evil Genius of Slavery, standing by her unfinished pyramid of human skulls, hoarsely shouts “More! more!” The spades that yesterday dug the graves for our thousands of young men on the field of Gettysburg, will

be digging to-morrow graves for other thousands in the sacred soil of Virginia. The seventh angel has yet to pour out his vial into the air, before the great voice shall come out of the temple of heaven, saying, "IT IS DONE!"

Is not our thanksgiving, then, premature? Would it not be better to postpone our public demonstrations of gratitude till the last armed foe has bitten the dust?—Nay, the proclamation is not unseasonable. It is a thanksgiving by faith. The victories of the past we do not overlook. They are great—they are glorious; but they are not decisive and final. They call us to gratitude to God by the indications they afford of the Divine blessing on our arms, and by the promise they give of the ultimate triumph of our righteous cause. We cannot too loudly sing our *Te Deum* for the 3d of July at Gettysburg, where the vast army of traitors, winding along like a huge boa constrictor, to encircle and crush in its slimy folds our northern cities, was signally discomfited, and, like a wounded snake, dragged itself away to its hole to die. Strike anew the hymn of praise for the 4th of July, 1863, which witnessed the downfall of the Sevastopol of the South-West, and the surrender of more men and munitions of war than Napoleon in all his glory ever achieved. Let us not forget to ascribe to God what the 8th of July saw at Port Hudson, when Gen. Banks—not Jefferson Davis—guaranteed to the North-West the free navigation of the Father of Waters so long as its rolling tides shall sweep downward to the sea. What cause for gratitude to the God of Battles, that he has enabled Rosecrans and Sherman to extend the area of freedom in the South-West, by carrying the stars and stripes and emancipation forward into the dominions of the arch-usurper! Nor do our occasions for thanksgiving end here. How marvellous the defeat of the great land pirate of the West, who for the past two years, like his prototype, has gone up and down through the earth seeking whom he may devour. The Lord permitted an overweening confidence to fall upon him—sent to him, as to Ahab of old, a lying spirit to say, "Go up, Morgan! prosper, for the Lord shall deliver Ohio into thy hand." But God set valiant men in ambush, who arose and smote him sore, so that he fell into their hands with the great spoil which he had taken from many cities. All of these signal victories, and others unenumerated, were won while the July moon was waxing and waning. Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise, to whom are the shields of the whole earth.

But there are other victories, moral victories, on which we might dwell. How hath God marvellously held in chains the dogs of foreign war, that early in this great struggle in America growled, and snapped their teeth, and snuffed the smell of battle with fiendish joy, as if eager to taste the life-blood of the republic! The lion that roars in Albion's isle, with his paw upon the world, fat with the blood of Scotia, Erin, and India—ever hunting down the weaker beasts of the forest, has not been permitted to touch a hair of America's head; not because there was no old grudge to gratify—not because he does not delight to see his powerful rivals crippled—not because this old lion, in his old age, has been converted into a lamb, and a high sense of honor and right has suddenly entered into him—not because there has been no good opportunity to crush us when our hands were tied by traitors; but because the God of Daniel has sent his angel to shut that lion's mouth. The panther, whose lair is Paris, that crouches in the thicket and

springs upon his prey all unwarned, why did he leap over America in the hour when she was staggering with faintness, hunted by the hounds of civil war, to bury his claws in the flesh of poor Mexico? Not because that panther prefers a lean to a fat victim, nor because he distrusted his power to overcome the greater victim, already exhausted through loss of blood from wounds made by other foes; but because God is in the council chambers of emperors, and influences their decisions. He doeth his pleasure in the armies above and among the nations beneath. Let us praise him that he hath turned the hearts of kings from inflicting evil upon us in the day of our troubles.

Why are we not to-day a bankrupt nation? No nation's credit ever endured so long and so violent a strain without breaking. Through the wastes of war, we have taken upon ourselves the great burden of a billion of debt, and yet we do not stagger. So great is the people's faith in the nation's future, that our printers cannot print the government promises as fast as the people pour out their treasures; but the people must wait weeks and months for the government to overtake their confidence. How different might all this have been? Rashness and incompetency might have presided over our treasury, and long since have wrecked our ship of state on the rocks of financial ruin. We might, under other counsels, have to-day been bugging the gold-kings of Europe for a loan at a ruinous discount. But instead of this, the people have been inspired by the God of liberty with a love for their country equal to any sacrifice, and a faith equal to any emergency. Day by day, up goes the people's confidence, and down goes the price of gold. In the darkest days of the country, when it seemed as though the very foundations would be destroyed, and the nation sink into anarchy and chaos, the popular heart has stood firmly by the country, and the stock of the U.S. has been at a premium. This is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes. Dollars are the sinews of war: had the sinews been relaxed or palsied, the proud republic of America might to-day have been compelled to abase herself in the dust, by ignobly yielding the strife for her honor, and by consenting to shameful conditions of peace with triumphant traitors. Never before did America know the vastness of her wealth, therefore never before did she have reason for so devout gratitude to the Great Giver. Again, how inconsonant with all our ideas of war derived from history is the astonishing prosperity attending every branch of industry! Commerce spreads her sails to the winds of heaven, carrying her precious ventures to every sea; the spindle, the shuttle, the loom, the quondam allies of old King Cotton, still live, and do great days' works for the world, though their ancient friend has tumbled from his throne of power. Our horizon-bounded wheat fields, by the aid of agricultural machinery, pour their cornucopia into the lap of the hungry world, though the fingers that once grasped the sickle are now pulling the trigger. While our banks, insurance companies, and railroad corporations are making tempting dividends, besides treasuring up large reserve funds against times of need in the future. How is this? Who has thus strangely divorced Famine and War, hitherto through all the history of mankind united in iron wedlock? Why is not cleanness of teeth joined with the sword? It is because in the midst of judgment God remembereth mercy, and multiplieth not his plagues.

The God of harvest praise;  
 In loud thanksgiving raise  
 Hand, heart, and voice;  
 The valleys smile and sing,  
 Forests and mountains ring,  
 The plains their tribute bring,  
 The streams rejoice.

How manifest the interposition of God in prevention of tumult and insurrections on a large scale throughout the loyal states! Recent events have disclosed an abundance of combustible material for a general volcanic eruption and conflagration. It cannot be denied that there is a disloyal element in almost every community in these loyal States. In the raids of Lee, Stuart, and Morgan, there was no lack of men, or rather fiends in pantaloons, to act as guides to the invading hordes, and to eagerly show the way to their neighbors' hastily-hidden treasures, while loud in their huzzahs for a confederacy built upon perjury and piracy. Upon them be the curse pronounced upon their father, the original Copperhead, "Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dirt shalt thou eat all the days of thy life, and let the seed of woman bruise thy head for evermore." How wonderful, how providential, that a serpent so malignant, so deadly, so numerous in our cities, towns, and villages, should have done so little harm! The government has not made bare its arm to crush, or even to cage it; nor has the fear of man been before its eyes. But God has cast a spell upon it, and stayed its poisonous fangs.

A few days since, in the great city of New York, God did permit the human Briareus, the giant of a hundred hands and a hundred feet, rivaling the monstrous figments of classic fable, to break his chain, and to riot in fire and blood and spoils four long days, to show us the nature of this wild beast, to put us on our guard against his more terrible ravages, and to make us grateful for that restraining power which God has exercised over him in the past. Nevertheless, we have abundant reason for thanksgiving that the heart of the mass of the people pulsates with loyalty and patriotism, that they are relatively few who are noisy in huzzas for the Union on the day of election and loud in curses on the Government on the day of conscription; brave at the ballot, cowards at the bayonet. From such American citizens good Lord deliver us! — Let us now consider,

II. *Our grounds of confidence for the future.* All our past victories would be worthless were there no immutable basis of hope for the ultimate success of our cause. We are therefore to celebrate a thanksgiving by faith, a faith that sees the triumph from afar, and embraces it with gladness. What are the grounds of this faith? The eternal granite of God's word: "Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude, for the battle is not yours, but God's." The American republic may, without presumption, claim this ground of hope. The sympathies of God are on one side or the other in this great controversy. It were blasphemous to impute to Him neutrality in such a struggle. Such are his perfections, that he must take sides with

I. An established and equitable government. The powers that be are ordained of God. The magistrate holdeth not the sword in vain; he is a minister of God, a praise to those who do well and a terror to those who do evil. Every government which accomplishes these great purposes, justly administering rewards and punishments, is of Divine origin and Divine sanction.

All who fight against such a government, fight against God. But when a constituted government ceases to administer justice, and becomes an engine of injustice, crushing the people whom it was designed to protect, then revolution, when there are good grounds for success, is right, on the principle that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God. When there is no such ground of success, individual, factious resistance is folly and madness, and therefore censurable. On this ground we have always refrained from commending John Brown's attack upon the State of Virginia.

Against what kind of a government is the slaveholders' rebellion directed? Is it a tyranny that has for many years ruled them with a rod of iron? Has the U.S. ground them into the dust with the ponderous enginery of oppression? Who was the despot who ruled them with whips and scorpions? The sovereign people themselves. Who was the cruel executive who abused his high office to despoil them of their rights, and whose usurpation of the people's rights was the last drop which made the full cup of their righteous indignation overflow? James Buchanan, "the old public functionary," a man after their own heart, elected by their own votes, a man who wore the yoke of the slave power more patiently than any ox in the furrow. He a despot, tyrannizing over the South? History will truthfully portray him a slave of the slave power, cravenly doing its bidding, using the high prerogatives of his office to strangle an infant free State in its cradle, and by monstrous fraud to substitute the dark despotism of slavery. And when the plot to overthrow the Republic began to make itself known by the seizure of ships and forts, he, the guardian of the nation's honor, the right hand of the nation's power, was so appalled at the thought of wielding that power against his life-long political "friends," that he sat in the Capitol "like a painted Jove, with the idle thunder in his hand," while the conspirators plied their pickaxes and crowbars at the very corner-stone of that magnificent edifice. Has the Congress of the U. States oppressed them? In what act? What statute on the United States statute-book has ever been alleged to be an infringement of their just rights? Not one. The Federal Government has been absolutely above criticism on this point. Not even a pretext could be found in all the acts of Congress. So the Seceders had to resort to some very harmless personal liberty bills on the statute-books of States. The simple truth is, that they had owned and directed the Government from the beginning down to 1860, shaping its policy to strengthen and spread their peculiar institution, making fidelity to slavery, in opinion even, a passport to federal office; so that had George Washington returned to the earth he could not, with his recorded anti slavery opinions unrettracted, have been appointed postmaster in the obscurest town in the Union, not even in Dogtown, nor Hardscrabble Hollow. The only remaining depository of power where tyranny may lurk is the Judiciary. Did the Supreme Court in its decisions strike down the rights of the slaveholders? Assert it who dare in the light of the fact, the shameful fact known to all the world, that this department of the federal power was for years the unblushing organ of slavery, till it at last reached the infamous decision of the Dred Scott case, the substance of which is that slavery is national, and freedom sectional—that slavery is the rule, and freedom the exception—that slavery, by the inherent force of the constitution, goes every where with the national flag, unless it be prohibited by positive legislation by the States, which legislation by the same principle would

soon have been pronounced unconstitutional, inasmuch as it contravenes the inherent proslavery force of that instrument. Attending this decision, the opinion was expressed by the venerable Chief Justice, that black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect. We have been careful to examine the three departments of our Federal Government to find the great act of injustice to the seceding States which justifies the overthrow of our established government, beneath which thirty millions were sitting in peace and happiness. That act cannot be found; we challenge the whole world to lay their finger upon it. The right of resistance to such a government does not exist; and they who do resist, resist an ordinance of God—are found fighting against constitutional, righteous authority, law and order, and are therefore fighting against God. Therefore the battle is not ours, but God's; and, says good John Calvin, it is no ordinary ground of confidence to have enemies in common with God. If God's character has not radically changed since the Bible was written, he has no one attribute in sympathy with the conspirators fighting to overthrow this just and beneficent government. What grounds of confidence have we, then, in the fact that God sides with us! He may permit his foes to gain a temporary victory; he may lift them up, that he may dash them to pieces with greater violence. But the final victory is his, is ours. Whoever fought against him, and prospered? "Will Jefferson Davis disannul my judgment?" says God. "Will he condemn me, that he may be righteous. Has he an arm like God, or can he thunder with a voice like him?" As certainly as there sits a just God on the throne of the universe, so certainly shall the Southern Confederacy come to nought. It is hard to fight against God; it is hard to kick against the pricks.

2. The battle is God's, and not ours alone, because he has sympathy with universal freedom, and hates oppression. How often do the words oppression and oppressor occur, with a woe attached, in the word of God! What do they mean? We defy any man to give the word its full and proper definition without including American slavery. What is American slavery? Harken, ye who think this is a beautiful institution, redolent of Eden, and brim-full of angelic amenities, and should be perpetuated eternally in America. I give you the definition of a Kentuckian, born and bred where the institution presents its mildest aspect: "To be a slave is to have no father, no mother, no wife, no husband, no son, no daughter, no sister, no brother, no lover, no house, no lands, no property, no rights, no privileges, no pursuit of happiness, no vote, no education, no security, no advocate, no redress, no will, no self, no bible, no God; to have nothing, but a master." Does your God love such an institution? Then your God is not the God I worship. Is there no oppression in stripping a man of all these natural rights? Then God hates American slavery, and hates the confederacy of slaveholders built upon this corner-stone. The Richmond Inquirer has recently pronounced the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, that all men are equal in the natural rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, a stupendous heresy, which God has raised up the Confederate States to combat and eradicate from the belief of the civilized world. We will not stop to prove a fact which glares upon the world as the mid-day sun, that the created inequality of men in respect to natural rights is the foundation of the Confederate States. Does God have sympathy with this doctrine?



Does he record the fact in the Bible, that he has made one man to be the mere instrument of another's pleasures? Beware how you make the assertion! God is very jealous of his reputation among men. His impartiality is an attribute of his character which he guards as the apple of his eye, and over and over again declares, "I am no respecter of persons." "I have made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell upon all the face of the earth." God's sympathies are with the poor, and all his providential interpositions are in favor of liberty. If you do not believe it, study history, and tell me why slavery does not exist in every land to day. It has existed in all lands, and has left its traces everywhere, on all the continents and islands, except Australia. How came an institution once so wide-spread, and so consonant with human depravity, to die out in nearly every land? Because God's face is set as a flint against it, and he is turning and overturning to destroy it. It withers away before the resplendence of a pure Gospel. The character of Jesus Christ, who came not to be a slaveholder, to be lazily ministered unto, but to toilsomely minister, is a tremendous argument against it. God's hottest indignation against the Jews was poured out, and he annihilated their local nationality, because they wished to change the mild and well-guarded system of servitude which he permitted into hopeless, eternal chattelism. "Because ye have not proclaimed liberty, I will proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine; and I will make you to be removed into all the kingdoms of the earth." It was a statute unto the Jews, "And ye shall hallow the fiftenth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto the inhabitants thereof." But I will not insult you, a Christian audience, by attempting to prove that God is not pro slavery, that he is not tinctured with secession tendencies. We will be more respectful to you, and assume what your own consciences tell you, that God's sympathies are with universal liberty. He goes forth, then, to fight with our armies, if they are fighting for this great boon. It remains for us to show, that our cause is the cause of the slave. We regret to confess that it was not so at the beginning of this war. We then ignored God's poor, and our soldiers rudely thrust back with their bayonet the panting bondsman, with tattered garb and bleeding feet. But God would not have it so. He gave our generals Fremont, Hunter, Phelps, Butler, and others, eyes to see that the slave is our natural ally in this great struggle with the masters, and some of them proclaimed liberty in their departments; but the President, whose eyes were not yet anointed, reversed their proclamations. Then he applied the eye-salve to the eyes of our rulers, —the blood of myriads of our precious youth poured out in disastrous battles at Big Bethel, Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, and the Chickahominy. Thank God, at last the truth broke upon the eyes of this blinded people that the strife is hopeless unless we can enlist God on our side. I believe this is the secret of the great proclamation of jubilee to the slaves. It was put on military grounds for prudential reasons; but I believe that Abraham Lincoln is a man of deep moral convictions, and that he was moved by moral considerations chiefly in committing his administration to emancipation. Now, says the moral sense of every man, who has a conscience which slavery has not seared, the God of Justice, the God of the oppressed will fight with us! and conscience was not mistaken. There were many among us utterly blind to the moral grandeur, the historic magnitude of that great word

EMANCIPATION, spoken by our Chief Magistrate on the 1st of Jan. 1863: Many see in it only a *brutum fulmen*, an idle threat made to intimidate the slaveholders, to be taken back with an apology when they return to their allegiance, and they ridicule it as a bull against the comet. God sees something else in it. He sees the breaking of galling yokes; the undoing of heavy burdens; the bursting open of dark prisons. He sees a procession of four millions of captives coming forth from their house of bondage with songs of deliverance. He sees a nation born unto liberty in a day. President Lincoln is a promise-keeping man. Long did he pause before he spoke the word of freedom: Now that that great word has gone forth from his mouth, God hath made it his own, and endowed it with his own immutability. "It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Whoever may succeed to the presidency, that word shall stand, world without end. The wish to revoke it may exist in some stony hearts; but God is hedging about the path of this nation with a double hedge-row of thorns, so that it can never take the back track without tearing itself in pieces. Remember Pharaoh:

"Then sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:  
Jehovah hath conquer'd. His people are free!"

We are far from asserting that a proclamation, prompted by military necessity, is changeless, like the laws of the Medes and Persians. What we do mean to say is, that if it is for the salvation of the Republic that the emancipation policy be inaugurated, God will give us sunlight enough in the future to see that it is for the good of the Republic to continue the same policy till the last manacle is broken. We rejoice, therefore, that since the 1st of January the Federal Government has been fully and sincerely committed to the cause of the oppressed. That makes the battle not ours, but God's. Are there any in this assembly who cannot thank God out of full hearts for this? We envy not the head or the heart of that man who can stand by the new made graves of 100,000 of his brethren, murdered by slavery, and sneer at an edict which slays the slayer of our slain. Let no man who can plead for the life of this grim spoiler call himself my friend. He belongs to the K. G. C.'s. O my soul! come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor! be not thou united: for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall. That man whom they have slain is my soldier brother; and that wall is the bulwark of universal liberty. The American capable of reading a newspaper, who, in the middle of the 19th century, when his country is in a death-grapple with a gigantic slave-holder's rebellion, can boast that he is a pro-slavery conservative, would conserve uneradicated the cancer on the breast of his mother, and would conserve unquenched the incendiary torch that has set her roof a blaze! Let us charitably believe that no such person profanes our holy assembly with his presence, or pollutes our beautiful streets with his footsteps. I call upon every loyal, liberty-loving American to thank God this day with a loud voice, because he has put it into the heart of our Chief Magistrate to place our cause upon the immutable granite of righteousness, on which rock God is not ashamed to stand by our side, to spread our banner over Him, to gird Himself with our armor, and win for us the victory. Jehovah is a man of war. Every day the evidences multiply that we are drawing nearer to the oppressed, and identifying their cause with ours.

## II

50,000 ebony soldiers are bravely bearing aloft the stars and stripes on southern battlefields. By their coolness, valor, and heroism, they are silencing the lying tongues that have wagged against them, accusing them of stolidity and cowardice. The glorious record of African courage is written in the trenches of Port Hudson, and on the parapet of Fort Wagner, over which the banner of our country would to day have been waving in triumph had the promptness of the white reserve equalled the pluck of the black assailants.

Send such men back to chains?  
Not while a conscious nation feels and thinks!  
Not till each freeman's lifted right-arm shrinks!  
Not till the perjured land that dares it sinks,  
And God no longer reigns!

But these brave Africans are not only fighting our battles; they are, by General Order No. 252, issued last Friday, to enjoy the same protection with their white fellow-soldiers. Indignities and wrongs heaped upon them, every commander of a department is ordered to retaliate, by the execution of a rebel for the murder of a sable prisoner of war; and by imprisonment at hard labor for every one sold into bondage. The world moves, thank God! Whose heart does not thrill with emotions of moral sublimity when he reads the account of the brave and magnanimous act of a citizen of N. York City, during the memorable four days of July? The mob, thirsting for the blood of the innocent and peaceable African, espy a negro in the streets; away they run after the defenceless man, like a pack of blood-hounds. Every moment they gain upon the panting fugitive. No friendly door opens for him an asylum. He is just about to fall into their remorseless jaws, when a man runs to the hunted black man, throws his left arm about his neck, draws him to his bosom, and with his right presents his revolver, exclaiming, "The first man who assaults this negro dies!" That one incident is a bright spot upon the darkest page in the history of the American metropolis. Is it not just as heroic, just as magnanimous, for the American Republic to throw its mighty arm around the trampled and crushed African race, and hurl its defiance from the mouths of Federal cannon at the shameless, pitiless mob of organized man-hunters, man-stealers, woman-whippers, and baby-sellers, who are hounding that forlorn race to the death? The nation having gone thus far, will have to go still further. The negro is among us in vast numbers; four millions to day, twelve millions thirty-seven years hence, unless logarithms lie. They are too numerous to ship off to Africa, or to drive away into Central America, to the utter ruin of our own industrial pursuits. He must stay in our country, where his free labor will find ample scope and a just reward. What must be his status? He will become a property holder, and pay large taxes, hence he must vote; for taxation without representation America has repudiated from the beginning. To vote safely, he must be educated. Here lies the necessity which God is laying upon this nation. We must elevate, educate, enfranchise the African race. But the right to vote involves the right of being voted for. Do not be startled, if the day should come when Sambo will take the seat in the Senate vacated by Slidell. No punishment for the traitor can be found in all Dante's Inferno so severe as this. I am no negro worshipper, but God has endowed me with sense enough to prefer that an honest, loyal black

hand should hold the helm of my ship, rather than a traitorous lily white hand. We must annihilate all political distinctions of color. I see no other solution to the problem of our national integrity, complicated as it is with the African question. This solution God is leading us to, and the greatest obstacle he finds lies in our wicked hatred of our brethren without cause. What merchant dares employ an African salesman? What mechanic is willing to receive a colored apprentice? What academy or college opens its doors invitingly to a sable student? What client would retain a black attorney? What school district is willing to employ an African teacher? or what church is thankful to receive the word of life from an ebony preacher? We are willing that the negroes should be cooks and barbers, and that is all. We unjustly exclude them from the professions and lucrative trades, and then slanderously assert their incapacity. The cure for this cruel pride of caste God began to apply when, under the necessities of the war, the first black man donned the shoulder straps and drew his sword in the name of the United States of America. We can spit upon him no more, without being spit upon ourselves by all the world. The negro will not conquer our enemies only, but our prejudices also. It was because all this was foreseen, by the pro-slavery opponents of the government, that such rabid opposition was made by negro haters to their enlistment in our armies. In 1853 Simms, a fugitive slave, was taken back into bondage from Boston, by order of Franklin Pierce, President of the U.S., and Edward Everett said it was right. In 1863, Simms, having only a few weeks before escaped from Vicksburg, has the distinguished honor of being drafted from the same box with Edward Everett's two sons, by order of Abraham Lincoln, President of the U.S.; and Edward Everett says it is right. A mighty revolution in public sentiment, in this regard, is taking place—a revolution which N. Y. mobs, the sweepings of European almshouses and jails, will rage against in vain. The blood of African martyrs will be the seed of African citizenship.

Great is our gratitude to God, that we are deemed worthy to proclaim these unpopular truths; and we count it all joy to endure reproach in the service of our greatest friend—the truth. We were not ordained to the ministry of Christ's Gospel to prophecy smooth things. May we not, with our Master, humbly say, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth."

3. The battle which we are now fighting is not ours, but God's, because it is only a repetition on another field of the struggle between Right and Wrong, Liberty and Tyranny, which has made up the past history of the world

Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is always won.

We shall win also, for our cause engrafts itself upon all that is righteous and glorious in human annals. All human history foreshadows our ultimate victory. The triumph of religious freedom over spiritual despotism in the days of M. Luther; the victory of Holland over Philip II. and the Spanish Inquisition; the success of the Puritans, under Cromwell, against Charles I. the usurper of England's liberties; the glorious issue of the struggle between political papacy and civil liberty in the persons of William of Orange and James II.; and last of all, the triumph of truth and

righteousness in the American revolution ; together with the bloodless victories of British philanthropists, first over the slave trade, and next over slavery itself in the British empire—all proclaim, with trumpet tongue, the coming victory of the sons of freedom over the banded champions of oppression. We cannot dismiss you without showing the identity of our country's struggle to day with that of 1776. Many people, misled by the proslavery sophistries of modern times, honestly believe that the resurrection of the anti slavery sentiment in our nation is something new and revolutionary in American politics, something averse to the spirit of our fathers, and consequently the effort to resist the spreading and overshadowing influence of slavery is an attack upon vested rights, and repugnant to the genius of our government, and is therefore wrong ; while the rebellion for the conservation of those rights and the true American spirit, is right. At this brazen lie, which dares confront the noonday ; at this genuine copperhead, I must throw one stone. The bell on Independence Hall, Phila., which rang out the Declaration of Independence July, 4th, 1776, bore this inscription : "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto *all* the inhabitants thereof." This was the spirit of the Continental Congress. The slaves were not excepted. Refer now to that immortal State paper, and we find these memorable words, sacred in the memory of the human race, embalmed in the eternal truth embodied in them : "We hold these truths to be self evident : that all men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Says Bancroft, a Democratic politician of the Jackson school, "This was the genuine effusion of the soul of the country at that time. The heart of Jefferson in writing the Declaration, and of Congress in adopting it, beat for *all humanity* ; the assertion of rights was made for *the entire race* of mankind, and all coming generations, without any exceptions whatever ; for the proposition which admits of exceptions can never be self-evident." To except the negro would spoil the axiomatic truth. But some of these very men, say you, who made this declaration of human rights were slaveholders, living upon the forced and unrewarded labor of bondmen, bought and sold like cattle. Therefore, say you, they evidently meant to include only white men in their declaration ; for if they include black men, they condemn themselves. You, who attempt to vindicate the consistency of these noble men, who signed that document with halters about their necks, spit upon their graves and cover their names with infamy. You make them rank hypocrites, deserving the world's scorn and execration, for cheating the world into the belief that they were pleading the cause of universal man, when they jesuitically and selfishly intended only those of a certain color. They were men of a class almost extinct, who were incapable of the meanness of adjusting their principles to suit their practice. They could hew to the line, though chips flew in their own faces. They frankly acknowledged that slavery is repugnant to the eternal principles of justice, and they confessed the disagreement of the peculiar institution with their broad declaration of principles, and they hoped speedily to bring their practice up to their glorious confession of political faith, instead of dragging down their standard of doctrines, as some of their degenerate grandsons are now doing, into the bottomless gulf of political apostacy into which they have fallen. George Washington was an abolitionist in theory

and an emancipationist in practice. On one occasion he recorded this sentiment: "It is among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country shall be abolished by law." On another occasion, congratulating Lafayette on his purchase of a plantation with a view to emancipate the slaves, he exclaimed, "Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country." Years before his death, he deliberately willed the freedom of all his slaves at death. Thomas Jefferson was an outspoken abolitionist, and boldly said in Virginia, that "should a servile war arise, Jehovah has no one attribute which would permit him to side with the master." Again, in view of the injustice of slavery, he exclaims, "I tremble for my country when I think that God is just." But that there may be no doubt in any mind that the Declaration of Independence is an anti slavery document, we call your attention to the following passage, which Jefferson originally incorporated, but which was stricken out in Congress, not because it was not true, but because it was not true that all of the colonies had been blameless in the matter of the slave trade. Among the specific acts of tyranny alleged against George III. Jefferson wrote, "He has waged a cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of a distant people, (the Africans,) who have never offended him, capturing and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur a miserable death in their transportation thither." "This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king." "Determined to keep open a market where men shall be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative (veto) for suppressing legislative attempts to prohibit or to restrain this execrable traffic." This passage was erased because they were too conscientious to lay all the blame of slavery on the king; the world would not justify them. But its insertion in the original draft of the document proves beyond all controversy the anti slavery character of that great instrument.

To show conclusively that we abolitionists of to-day abide by the faith of the fathers, and that the seceders from the Federal Union have also seceded from that faith, I will quote one authority which no champion of slavery can gainsay. It shall be the honest confession of an enemy, Hon. Alex. A. Stephens, Vice President of the so-called Confederate States, and the expounder of their constitution. He says of that instrument, "The new constitution has put at rest for ever the agitating questions relating to our peculiar institution. African slavery, as it exists among us; the proper status of the negro in our form of civilization. This was the immediate cause of the late rupture, and the present revolution. The leading ideas entertained by Jefferson, and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the Constitution, were that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. It was an evil they knew not how to deal with; but the general opinion of the men of that day was, that somehow or other, in the order of Providence, the institution would be evanescent, and pass away. Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong; they rested upon the assumption of the equality of the races. This was an error, It was a sandy foundation, and the idea of a government built upon it,

when the storm came, and the wind blew, fell. Our new government is founded upon *exactly opposite ideas* ; its corner-stone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man ; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and moral condition. This, our new government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth." Here is an honest man ; he raises no pretext, talks not of the wickedness of electing a Republican President, of our disrelish for hunting fugitives ; attempts no sophistical perversion of facts ; but he comes out in a bold and manly way, and declares that the loyal States are, in their hostility to slavery, animated by the same spirit that nerved the hearts of our national fathers ; while the rebels are the innovators, building on a new foundation, actuated by a spirit against which our fathers fought. The inference is natural, that those who to-day uphold the government are the genuine sons of the revolutionary sires who founded it with their blood ; and those who by act or word block the wheels of the present administration, are the genuine sons of the unpatriotic and traitorous Tories of those times. If the struggle of the American Revolution was God's battle because it was a battle for liberty, the struggle of American redemption now going on is God's battle, for the same reason, and must succeed. Universal liberty was their watchword ; universal liberty is ours. We have inscribed it upon our flag : *In hoc signo vinces*—"By this sign thou shalt conquer."

4. The battle for salvation of America is not ours, but God's, because her existence is intimately connected with that glorious era of Intelligence, freedom, and godliness, which awaits humanity in the future. God has taken us into his council chamber, and given us a prophetic vision of the world's future. He has, by the pen of prophecy, disclosed to our longing eyes the glorious things which shall be hereafter, when righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters do the sea ; when many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased ; when the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountains, and all nations shall flow unto it. Christ has put into our lips the prayer, "Thy kingdom come." We have no millennial theory to propose ; we only assume that there is ample scriptural ground for the expectation that our race is to be lifted to a higher plane of life and character and happiness on the earth, when Christianity shall permeate the whole lump of human society, control legislation, and shape the institutions of men, as it now shapes individual character. This era is not to be introduced by any supernatural overturning of human society by miraculous intervention, but by agencies now active on the earth. "The kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation, but is like the leaven hidden in three measures of meal." To say nothing of individual effort, of the labors of the Church of Christ, we believe that national character is an influence which God will use in ushering in the kingdom of his Son. What kind of national character will be the most promotive of the latter-day glory ? Is it a nation founded on righteous principles, radiant with Christian philanthropies, giving to its people the widest scope and the greatest incentive to intellectual and moral improvement, whose legislation is a reënactment of the Decalogue ? Or can God best use for the elevation and evangelizing of mankind a nation founded on the grossest violation of natural justice, darkened with damning crimes, crush-

ing out all aspirations for a better state in the bosoms of the people, whose legislature legalizes wholesale robbery and universal concubinage, and spreads hideous barbarism over all the land? In a deadly strife between these two governments, which does God sympathize with, in view of His promise that the kingdoms of this world shall be given to Christ for his inheritance? Can any doubt? This battle is not ours, but God's, who is ruling present events in the interests of the unborn generations. This truth is as patent as yonder mid-day sun.

We cannot further elaborate this interesting theme. We believe that we have demonstrated God's sympathy with our cause by his recorded sanction of established equitable human government, by his hatred of oppression and love of universal freedom, by the identity of our cause with the triumphant struggles of humanity in past ages, and, lastly, by the intimate connection between our national existence and God's beneficent purposes in the future. Let me, then, enforce the exhortation in my text: Fear not, be not dismayed; to-morrow go out against them, for the Lord will be with you. Let us have faith in America's glorious future; let us act faith, talk faith, carry faith in our countenances. We have just cast lots to determine who shall hold the plow and who the rifle; both are needed in working out the salvation of our country. Let those whom the voice of the country, by the draft, calls to drop the utensils of industry, and grasp the instruments of death, go forth with brave hearts and uncomplaining lips. You may go forth to die; but death in such a cause is blessed:

We are living, we are dwelling  
In a grand and awful time—  
In an age on ages telling:  
To be living is sublime!

Will ye play, then? Will ye dally  
With your music and your wine?  
Up! *it is Jehovah's rally!*  
God's own arm hath need of thine!

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding—  
Thou hast but an hour to fight:  
Now the spangled flag unfolding,  
On, right onward, for the right!

On! let all the soul within you,  
For the truth's sake, go abroad;—  
Strike! let every nerve and sinew  
Tell on ages—*tell for God!*